THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIII—No. 1473

MARCH 9, 1932

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EARLY SPRING FASHIONS: By *MADGE GARLAND*

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"UNCLE BILL," said Daphne, demurely, "do you remember last year, when you were teaching me to drive, how I always made an awful mess of gear-changing?"

"I do," rumbled Uncle Bill, genially. "Young rascal! Never had the vaguest idea of engine-speed, and couldn't double declutch to save your life!"

"Well," continued Daphne, with her mischievous sidelong glance, "I never try to double-declutch now, and I don't trouble about engine-speed, and I don't fiddle about at what you used to call 'feeling for the gears'—and yet I make a perfect change every time, up or down. The question before the House is, how's it done?"

"Ah, you can't catch an old bird like me, my dear! You've got a Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh and a Silent Second—not a chance of clashing your gears. Splendid idea—nothing like it when I was a boy," concluded Uncle Bill, regretfully.

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The Bystander, March 9, 1932 No. 1473. Vol. CXIII

the BYSTANDER

Right: Mrs. Smith-Ryland and Lady Belper in the paddock at Cheltenham, where excellent racing and fine weather combined to make the meeting a really enjoyable one in every way

Below: Lady Mary Lygon, the third daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, and Miss Diana Coventry seen between races at the National Hunt meeting, which was very well attended

'CHASING AT CHELTENHAM

The Cheltenham National Hunt meeting always attracts a large number of racing folk, for it provides an opportunity to see many Grand National candidates in action and thus gives backers a chance of weighing up prospects for the great event at Aintree. A feature of this year's meeting was the success of the women owners

GOING RACING

SNAP SELECTIONS FROM ALDERSHOT AND OXFORD

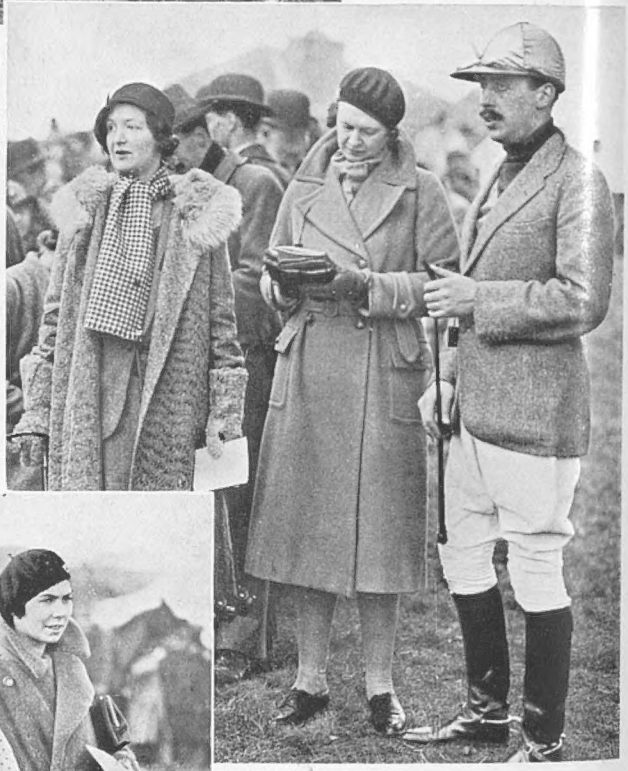
ree fair visitors seen on the course at the Spring Military Meeting at ldershot. They are Miss Joan Grenfell, Miss Violet de Worms, and Miss Rosemary Villiers

Above : Sir Archibald Weigall and his daughter, Miss Priscilla Weigall, at the Military Meeting at Aldershot

Left : Discussing the card at Aldershot. Mr. Musker and Miss A. Stewart-Sandeman

LADY MANTON
he Oxford University Point-to-Point. It was held at Somerton

Above : Lady Marguerite Bligh and Mr. Davies enjoying a joke at the Oxford University Point-to-Point



Above : A camera "treble" from the Aldershot meeting. Mrs. Jeffrey Whittaker, Miss Hulme, and Count Peter de Salis in the paddock

Left : At the Oxford University Point-to-Point meeting at Somerton. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey (left) and Lady Mary Grosvenor

the passing hour

THE announcement of Miss Margaret Whigham's engagement to the Earl of Warwick created a commotion from Mayfair to the West Indies. Friends of the future Countess who will have been particularly interested include Lord Tennyson, Miss Rose Bingham, as well as Miss Whigham's close friend, Lady Bridget Poulett, and any number of debutantes and sub-debutantes.

IT was only last week that I was saying in THE BYSTANDER that the Earl and Miss Whigham were the joint cynosure of every eye in Egypt. For I had received a private letter from Cairo about it all—but I was asked not to make any definite announcement. But now the cat is out of the bag, and Miss Whigham, who has earned the label of "the most-talked-of debutante," is to be the chatelaine of Warwick Castle. And a very pretty one she will make.

HER future husband, like Lord Jersey, was very delicate as a boy, his mother taking inordinate pains about his health. He went to school at Chillon—the Swiss Eton—and was never allowed to endanger his health. His family seat, Warwick Castle, is one of the most famous historical buildings in England, most of it dating back for many hundreds of years. It first came into the Earl's family when it was granted to his predecessor, Sir Fulke Greville, a favourite courtier of Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James I.

MISS WHIGHAM, who will become the third Countess of Warwick within a few years, has often been accused most unfairly of stealing the limelight wherever and whenever possible. This is very uncharitable and untrue. The truth of the matter is that she was the most amusing as well as the prettiest debutante of her year, and did not pretend to dislike seeing her photograph in the paper. This refreshing frankness met its immediate reward.

Miss Margaret Whigham in one of the striking dresses she wore at Ascot last year. Over six hundred guests were present at her coming-out party in the summer

Yevonde
Miss Margaret Whigham

THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE MONTH

The engagement of the Earl of Warwick, who came of age last week, and is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and Miss Margaret Whigham, took plac at Assouan, where they were both members of a party touring Egypt. Miss Whigham, who is one of last year's debutantes, is the daughter of Mr and Mrs. George Whigham, of Ascot

The Earl of Warwick, who with his fiancée, Miss Margaret Whigham, and their party, returns to England from Egypt this week

EVEN more cruel was the suggestion that she actually hired a Press agent to arrange special publicity for her whenever possible. As a matter of fact, there *is* a debutante whose mother is supposed to be paying a fee of £2,000 for her publicity, and there is also an Irish girl, who is soon to arrive at one of London's smartest hotels, for whose publicity, to my own certain knowledge, a well-known journalist was engaged last week.

PLAYTIME IN THE WEST END

MEANTIME, people are still talking about the Masked Ball at Grosvenor House. It certainly was a lot of fun, but one felt like smacking some of the debutantes and sub-debutantes who chattered and giggled while members of the cabaret, which included Miss Elsa Macfarlane, were singing. It was particularly rude, because the professionals had all given their services free.

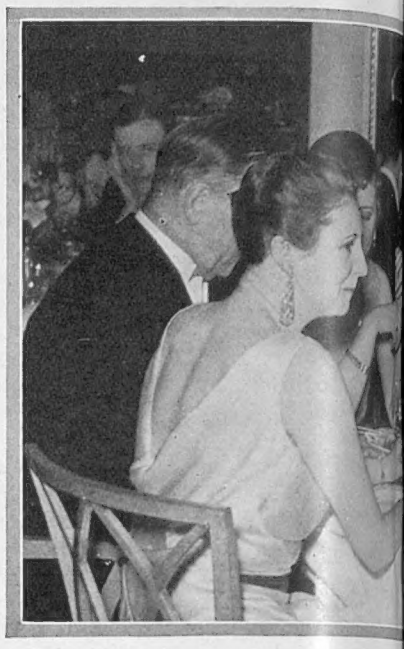
AS one could have prophesied, few of the girls—or men—kept on their masks until midnight, and I doubt very much whether anybody had the courage to ask people to dance to whom they had not been introduced, although this was supposed to be permitted. One of the most intriguing faces I saw belonged to the girl who sold programmes at the Park Lane entrance to Grosvenor House. I wonder who she was?

LADY BRIDGET POULETT, Lady Violet Pakenham, and Lady Pamela Smith were all unmasked when I saw them. Mrs. Peter Horlick was complaining that everyone recognised her even when she had a mask on, but I think she can accept that as a compliment. I also recognised Miss Baba Redhead and Mrs. David Tennant, despite their masks. Mrs. Livingston-Learmonth and her girl, who arranged the ball, both wore very distinctive head-dresses. Lady Diana Wellesley was in a pale gold domino, and Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell wore a dress of red-and-white check gingham—with a mask to match. The orchestra at this ball was conducted by Jack Harris, who seems to get a tremendous amount of "leave-out" from the Embassy Club. One seems to see him everywhere.

THE previous evening every restaurant club, and hotel in London did the best business for two or three years. Business men, I suspect, were celebrating the fact that we were becoming a Protectionist nation at midnight. Two hundred guests had to be turned away from two of the leading hotels. At the May Fair there was a male mannequin parade, the mannequins looking suspiciously like Rugger Blues, so hearty they were.

THE Embassy was crowded. At Quaglino's only one man was not in evening dress in the back room where day clothes are optional. Grosvenor House was packed. Meantime, Mrs. Edward Baron was giving a party at her house in Bryanston Square, at which cocktails were served in coffee cups, and the men went out, leaving the women to the port and cigars. It must have been great fun.

Mr. Christopher and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys leaving St. Mary's Church, Bentworth, Hants, after the christening of their little son, whose godparents include Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, Lady Fox, and Lord Somerton. Lady Rosemary is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Normanton



Guests at the dinner-dance and cabaret, organ... Federation of Boys' Clubs and held at the M... Sir Edward Worthington, Mrs. Shirley Fa... and C...

More guests at the dinner-dance o... London Federation of Boys' Cl... Paget, Lady Dorot...

THE gaiety of London astonishes nobody more than Victor Perosino, who used to run Chez Victor's in Grafton Street, and now controls Chez Florence and the Grand Vatel in Paris. He has just made his second visit to this country since his deportation seven years ago, and has been staying at the Splendide. When I met him in Bond Street he was carrying two twenty-dollar gold pieces to the bullion merchants. The profit on them will probably have paid for his entire visit.

IT is still unwise, even now, to talk to officers of the Irish Guards about wolfhounds since their mascot ran off and joined up with the Coldstreams. The official excuse is that he was trained to follow military music wherever he heard it. But even a wolfhound, you might have thought, could distinguish between bagpipes and any other kind of musical instruments.

The Marquess of Londonderry, head of the British Delegation to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, with his youngest daughter, Lady Mary Vane-Tempest-Stewart, who met him on his return by air to Croydon

ANYWAY, there has been telephone call after telephone call purporting to come from humanitarian bodies like

TWO WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Capt. H. J. Buckmaster in aid of the London
r Hotel last week. They are Lady Moira Combe,
t.-Colonel Henry Combe, Mrs. Stewart Brown,
ley Falcke

Capt. C. R. B. Knight, the Buffs, and Miss Helen L Kingsford-Lethbridge, leaving Christ Church, Down Street, after their wedding last week. The bride is the second daughter of the late Mr. Henry L. Kingsford-Lethbridge and of Mrs. Kingsford-Lethbridge

ret at the May Fair Hotel, held in aid of the
group includes Lord Moore, Lady Caroline
ley-Cooper, and Mr. James Beck

Club, White's, Buck's, and similar places.

THE people I envy most at the moment are the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, including Mr. Evan and Lady Dorothy Charteris, who are off on a yachting cruise to Madeira, being scheduled to sail this week-end. The Duke of Westminster is a marvellous host, although on occasion he has been known to get bored with his cruise—as once happened at Naples—and to give his guests

the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asking what ill-treatment had been given to the wolfhound to cause him to bolt when he had a chance. One or two of these calls were taken quite seriously before it dawned on the Adjutant and others that maybe the solicitous enquiries really emanated from bright-minded gentlemen, the Guards

Leaving the Prince's Row Register Office. Count Michael von Lichnowsky and his bride, Mrs. Mildred Volck. The bridegroom's father, the late Prince Lichnowsky, was the German Ambassador at the outbreak of the Great War

Three of the guests who attended the wedding of Count Michael Lichnowsky and Mrs. Volck. They are Princess Lichnowsky, Lady Oxford and Asquith, and Mrs. Woolley-Hart. The first two named met for the first time since August, 1914, when Mrs. Asquith, as she then was, aroused considerable criticism by seeing Princess Lichnowsky off at Victoria at the outbreak of war

RACEGOERS AT A POPULAR MEETING:

their first-class return passage or train money.

WHAT a contrast he is to his grandfather! The latter was so thrifty that he never allowed his countless children more than one "good" suit or frock for the winter and another for the summer. They were not allowed to eat butter, and their lives were unbelievably spartan, with the result that they all made most successful marriages at an early age.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) a very large luncheon party is being given by Mr. C. B. Cochran in the ball-room of the Savoy Hotel. No explanation of its object appears on the invitation cards, and I happen to know that a number of very distinguished guests, like Lord Lurgan and Lord Lonsdale, are expected. So far the secret has been very well kept, but whether it will leak out before the luncheon remains to be seen.

THE EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH AND LADY AINSWORTH

MARCHIONESS CAMDEN AND LADY IRENE CUBITT

LADY STAVORDALE OF WESTMORLAND COUNTESS PU

SOCIETY WELL TO THE FORE AT THE

Miss Bridget Irving Bridgman, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. William Young Craig, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Craig. She is the second daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Bridgman and of Mrs. Bridgman

A SCOTTISH OCCASION

Mr. W. L. Pullar, Lord-Lieutenant of Stirlingshire and his party at the Leap Year Charity Ball held at the Spa Hotel, Bridge of Allan. With him are seen Mrs. Pullar, Miss Moira Kennedy, Miss Christine Jones, Mr. Forbes Jones, and Messrs. E. G and G. L Pullar

Another group at the Leap Year Charity Ball at the Spa Hotel, Bridge of Allan. It comprises Viscount and Viscountess Younger, the Hon. Elizabeth Younger, Miss Elizabeth Arrol, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. James Hibbert, Lieut. Meelin Bruce, R.N., and Lieut. Patrick Havers, R.N.

TO-MORROW, too, the first gramophone record of a dance band to be recorded in public will be one of the novelties of a gala at the Piccadilly. A special glass-sided recording kiosk will be erected on the edge of the dance floor, so that those who may have wondered how a record is made will be able to see for themselves. When made, some of the wax master records will be played over immediately; others will be despatched to the works for manufacture, and completed records will be delivered to the hotel during the evening.

YESTERDAY marked the opening of a new road-house — the Berkeley Arms Hotel, at Cranford, on the Bath Road. It is run by Conti, late of the Café de Paris, and is another addition to the gaiety of outer London. There will be, I prophesy, quite a number of these road-houses, like the two Aces of

THE CAMERA IN ACTION AT CHELTENHAM

ATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM LAST WEEK

HE COUNTESS ID COUNT AND UNSTER

CAPT. F. F. SPICER AND LADY AVICE SPICER

MISS JAGGER, LADY MARY LYGON, MISS DIANA COVENTRY AND LADY DOROTHY LYGON

Spades and the Spider's Web, springing up in the near future where, in the summer months, motorists can drive ten miles out of London, drink cocktails, dine, and dance in the cool night air.

By now Lord and Lady Jersey will have reached Australia on their round-the-world honeymoon, and on Saturday Lady Joan Villiers will be back in London with Miss Eileen Brougham and Mrs. Richards. By the same token Miss Margaret Whigham should be back to-night. A dinner party is being given for her by her fiancé at the Embassy Club. It should be very entertaining.

Eligible young men are growing scarcer and scarcer. Lord Jersey, Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Lord Warwick are all out of reach now. Lord Mornington, the Duke of Norfolk—of whom one does not hear much nowadays—and the Duke of Leeds—of whom one hears even less—are unattached up to the present. But the numbers are dwindling at an ever increasing rate.

Far the best charity affair of the comparatively near future will be the Festival performance of *The Miracle* at the Lyceum Theatre. Already a thousand pounds' worth of tickets have been sold for the second night, which, for the first time in the history of the theatre, will be smarter than the première. The tickets have been sold, incidentally, despite the fact that the opening date is not known. A monster committee of 160 people, headed by Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Anglesey, are meeting once a week on behalf of the charity, which is, once again, Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Yesterday they met at Crewe House, and last week at Mrs. Ronnie Greville's in Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

(Continued on page 437)

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Remus *finished as fresh as paint at Kempton Park and must be my second string for the Grand National. I am satisfied that GRAKLE is none the worse for his fall at Cheltenham and he remains my first choice.*

Diolite *has shortened in price since I advised readers to back him for the "Lincoln." Fit and well he should carry his big weight to victory.*

Under National Hunt Rules continue to follow :

Teme Salmon, *showed up in a two miles 'chase at Cheltenham.*

Manvero *for a long distance hurdle race. Was with the winner, the consistent Plaster of Paris, at the last hurdle at Kempton.*

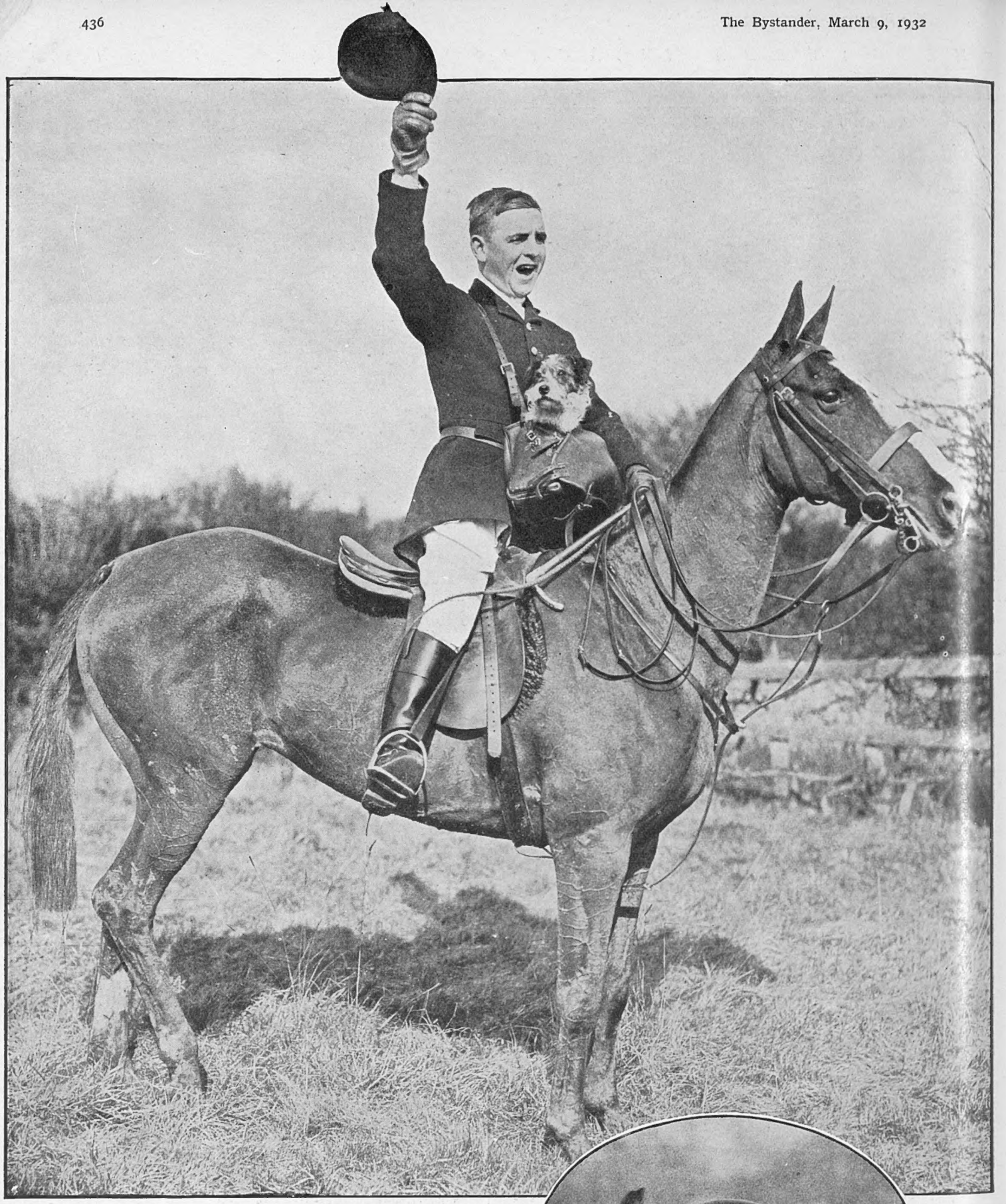
Mercury, *a hot favourite at Cheltenham. Was a bad third but ran well.*

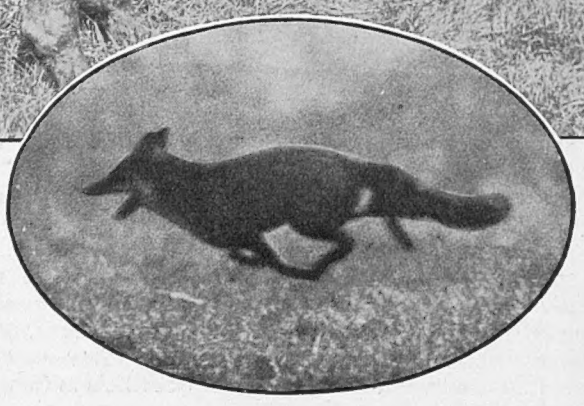
Blue Prince, *second in a two miles 'chase at Cheltenham. Started favourite. Will improve.*

MORE WELL-KNOWN RACE-GOERS AT CHELTENHAM

Above right : SIR HUGH and LADY NUGENT

Above left : LORD and LADY CROMWELL





"GONE AWA-A-A-Y!"

It would be difficult to beat these photographs which together tell a story of "holloa-er" and "holloa-d" known to all hunting folk. The kennelman of the Belvoir is seen above raising the "view halloa" as Reynard streaks from the shelter of the undergrowth into the open, going "all out" for the sanctuary he hopes to find in a nearby coppice

LONDON AS THE CENTRE OF FASHION

TILLY LOSCH is to be the nun, and Lady Diana Cooper will be the Madonna, as she was in America. The Lyceum, meantime, is being rapidly transformed into a Gothic cathedral; and Lady Diana, I suspect, is already going into training for her arduous task of standing motionless for more than an hour on end.

SO successful was *While Parents Sleep* at the Royalty that it has now moved to the Phœnix. The other night, at the Royalty, Prince George arrived unexpectedly, and the only seat which could be found for him was the one usually left vacant because of the pillar in front. But, although he had to crane his neck to the right and left throughout the performance, he seemed to enjoy it immensely. Sir Courtauld Thomson was also in the audience that night. He said that he had thought he was being taken either to *Spotted Parents* or to *Sleeping Leopards*, but found that he had made a mistake.

H.R.H. ON DUTY—

Above, the Prince of Wales battling against the strong wind which swept the parade ground at Aldershot when he inspected the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards on St. David's Day, March 1. The Prince is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. On the right he is seen with Lord Westmorland at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham

THE move to make London the dress centre of the world is meeting with more and more success, and the principal French couturiers are making constant visits to the capital, so anxious are they getting to retain their English customers. Strangely enough, what has done most good to English dressmakers are the recent dress displays at several dance clubs, and in this Ciro's leads the way, for it is rapidly making itself the Mecca of them.

NOT long ago Idare gave a mannequin display there at midnight, which men seemed to enjoy as much as women, to whom it would necessarily appeal. Last week Pam, of New Bond Street, struck an original note with a display of mannequins wearing cloth frocks, and in the near future Norman Hartnell and others are also likely to be showing.

CIRO'S, which is shortly to be redecorated, has in Eddie Collins conducting his kinsmen's band one of the best in town, and, considering how moderate is the subscription, which is only seven guineas for a man, five for a woman, and three for the wife of a member, it assuredly gives good value for money. Mr. Umberto Possenti—whose daughter, by the way, has just become engaged—has done wonders with this Club since he assumed control.

ALTHOUGH Cabinet Ministers sometimes give entertaining exhibitions on the floor of the House, it is unusual, to say the least of it, to find them volunteering to do so in public. However, this is precisely what Sir Samuel Hoare has done, but I hasten to add that the exhibition in question is a skating one and will be a feature of the Skating Festival at Grosvenor House on March 15. Most of the Cabinet will be present to watch Sir Samuel, an expert of no mean order, who has agreed to give his exhibition in aid of an instructor who was permanently incapacitated in the season of 1930-31.

TALKING of skating, it is interesting to see how, now that the British Mahomet is not going to the Swiss mountain, the mountain is coming to Mahomet. In other words, some skating events which formerly took place in Switzerland are being competed for this year in England. Thus, the Hoare Bowl will be contested for on March 18 at Grosvenor House, which is, incidentally, the only hotel in England with its own rink. The present holder, Mrs. Williams Field, was the British Woman Champion for 1931.

—AND OFF!

FIRST night theatre speeches in almost every instance would be the better for never being spoken. They generally resolve themselves into a nervous author thanking producer, manager and cast—not to mention the audience. For the manager then to come forward and thank the author, producer and cast—not to mention the audience, and so on, ad infinitum. Until an author has something interesting to say, such as that he has just shot the leading lady for an inadequate performance, he would be well advised not to face the footlights.

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

Lenare

MISS BARBARA HASTINGS

The eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and of Lady Hastings, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Hugh Quennell. She recently showed several of her photographs at an exhibition and is a talented painter and composer

MADAME DE LISLE, who has a fascinating house in Farm Street, possesses the largest flawless emerald in the world. It is in a ring and quite incredibly lovely. Madame de Lisle is very chic and a most amusing companion. She loves England, although paying frequent visits to Paris and New York. She has just returned to us from the latter city.

MISS CELIA PALMER, who gave the largest and most amusing "tripe and onion" party ever, is a clever hostess; she talks to everyone, introduces, makes them laugh at each other, and sees there is plenty of drink! A guest can ask for nothing more!

WHY does a pretty blonde young married cut a well-known hunting man?

WHAT nice hands the Prince of Wales has! Well-shaped and interesting; but I think, however, Lord Tennyson has very ugly hands. That comes of cricket! The Sitwells all have long, tapering fingers with a good deal of character in them.

ONE hears very little about Mrs. Whigham, the beautiful Margaret's mother, but she is very charming and good-looking. She looks too young to have such a sophisticated daughter, of whom, by the way, she is very proud. Mr. Whigham has the clever, interesting face of a successful business man.

LADY BELPER is one of the few women who still prefer their hair fluffy over the ears instead of the sleek-one-curl-look. Lady Allendale's hair always looks very pretty in the country—perhaps because she seldom wears a hat.

THE Grand Duke Dimitri has been in London the last few weeks; it makes me sad to see people curtsying to him—a king without a throne. His American wife is very lovely—tall and dark with a perfect figure.

TALKING of perfect figures, Miss Jeanne Stuart has the most wonderful one in London to-day. No one can help noticing her in a ballroom, and she wears her clothes well.

A FAMOUS political hostess is very much in love, I hear—with . . . but no . . . everyone has guessed already.

MRS. ROLAND CUBITT does work hard when she undertakes anything; all her friends have been roped in to help with her ice carnival, and what is more they help willingly. Mrs. Cubitt is so clever with committees. She has a large house in Hyde Park Gardens, decorated amusingly.

LADY ELIZABETH HARE and Lady Anne Hope are two debutantes who, I think, ought to be "written-up" more. Miss Dudley Ward and Lady Pamela Smith have walked away with all the Press honours so far. I think it is unfair! Miss Ursula Wyndham, Lord Leconfield's niece, promises to be very attractive when she has found her feet.

MISS BARBARA HASTINGS, daughter of the famous K.C., whose engagement is just announced, has the wittiest and most fascinating mouth. She is attractive in an unusual manner and you never get tired of watching her, or of hearing her. She has inherited her father's brains.

QUITE the most modest man I know is Sir Malcolm Campbell, and one of the nicest. He has none of the airs and graces of a national hero, and his quiet dignity should be a lesson for the Americans. May they profit from it

THE STANLEY—CHETWYND-TALBOT WEDDING

Lord Stanley of Alderley and his bride, Lady Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot, the second daughter of the late Captain Viscount Ingestre and of Lady Winifred Pennoyer, leaving Southwark Cathedral after their wedding last week. The bridegroom's country seats are at Alderley Park, Chelford. Crewe, and Penrhôs, Holyhead

MISS JOAN PEARSON loves black pearls. She has one as an engagement ring and another, pear-shaped, which hangs from a tight band round her neck. Her fiancé has a reputation for being very clever and intelligent, so he doesn't talk very much at parties.

WHAT a charming little boy Lord Gainsborough is! Such good manners, as have Lord Plunket's sons, Patrick and Robin, but, of course, the prize-winner of manners in the Mayfair nurseries is Michel Bendix.

LORD and Lady Forres have taken a most attractive house in Oxford Square. Lady Forres has original and charming ideas in decoration. She, herself, is very much admired; her naturally curly hair, streaked with grey, is a frame for a wonderful complexion.

MY prize this week goes to Miss Pamela Nicols, because she is so alive. She makes a party a success because she enjoys it so much herself.

CORINNE GRIFFITH AS A MICHAEL ARLEN HEROINE

An American Star in a British Talkie

Corinne Griffith as she appears in the name-part in "Lily Christine," the Paramount British Productions' version of Michael Arlen's novel of that name. In the upper left-hand photograph she is seen with Colin Clive, who plays opposite her. Miss Griffith, who is married to Mr. Walter Morosco, the production-manager of the company which made this film, herself designed the negligée she is wearing

Photographs by Sasha

IN FULL FLIGHT!

K. Kurtz (Yale and Exeter) who tied for first place at 11ft. 1in. in the pole vault at the Oxford University Sports at Oxford.

A MOTION PICTURE!

Left. Mr. Leslie Burton, watched by his sister, Miss F. Burton, filming the meet of the Belvoir which took place near Melton recently

AN AFFECTIONATE TACKLE

Below. Too late to stop C. D. Aarvold scoring a try for England against the Rest in the extra trial at Twickenham arranged by the English R.U. before picking the team to meet Scotland

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION!

Above. A fine finish in the final of the hundred yards sprint won by E. J. Davis (Eastbourne and Emmanuel) at the Cambridge University Sports held at Fenners

ACTIONS and REACTIONS

THE DAY'S WORK IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

WELL OVER!

Competitors at the first fence in the race for the Bullingdon Cup at the Oxford University Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Somerton. The winner was the Hon. J. Pearson on Stoke

TAKING A TOSS!

Rosey Covert, third favourite in the Manor Selling 'Chase at Kempton Park, parts from his jockey, Ruttle

CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARD AGNEW

watching the racing at the Aldershot Club Spring Meeting at Tweseldown

Left, Mr. B. A. J. Peto (King's Dragoon Guards) left, Lord Grenfell, the Hon. Nina Grenfell and Miss Pamela Peto (right) also taken at Tweseldown during the Aldershot Club's Spring Race Meeting

THE MASTER OF LOVAT AND THE HON. MAGDALEN FRASER,

His sister, son and daughter of Lord Lovat, at the Oxford University Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Somerton

if Gossip

A WAR LORD "OFF PARADE"

Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek, the former President of the Chinese National Government and generally regarded in his country as a "mighty man of valour," was recently appointed to the supreme command of the Chinese forces opposing the Japanese in Manchuria He is seen above with his wife enjoying a quiet cup of tea far from the alarums and excursions of war

THERE is nothing much of the Sir Galahad about the Conservative Party; if its strength is more than the strength of him it is not because its heart is particularly pure. But there is something worse than no point in deliberately adulterating the party: there is danger.

The news that there is a movement on foot "to consolidate the Conservative Party with remnants of the Liberals and the National Socialist wing" is to be viewed with the gravest apprehension. Never mind whether adulteration is merely a less pleasant word than consolidation. Here there is no more consolidation than there would be if you took strips of steel out of the sides of a battleship and put deal planking in their place.

THE Conservative Party exists for certain specific purposes, and has a definite creed, from which it has already sagged away far too much than is good for it. Its overwhelming majority was a majority for Conservatism, not for consolidation or for any other such procedure as will inevitably involve giving away something and getting nothing in return.

It seems to me almost comic that, at a time when Conservatism has never been so well able to stand on its own legs, it should start to flirt with the idea of using other, and very alien, legs. Let there be allies by all means. But to absorb allies with the idea of making them part of oneself is a rash business in the political world of 1932, however much it may have suited Ancient Rome. It is a silly and unnecessary business, too.

SIR JOHN SIMON, Mr. Runciman, and the Right Wing Socialists (whom we think such wonderful fellows nowadays simply because, having led the country to the brink of a precipice, they had just sufficient gumption to pull up in time) have their virtues. Plenty of them. But if they and others of that kidney join the Conservative Party, and by doing so force it to change its name to "the National Party" (that being the amiable idea), the Conservative strength will be weakened as surely as Delilah weakened Samson by shingling him.

What's in a name? A very great deal in politics. Why should the party give up its name and adopt a high-sounding but quite colourless one instead?

BESIDES, true Conservatism being something more vital than some people appear to imagine, the first result of the "consolidation" would be a split. The members of the party who do not happen to be "accommodating statesmen of a compromising kind" would promptly drift off to find a Right Wing, which would retain the old name and the old principles. Eventually, they would

Janet Jevons

SEEN AT THE SAVOY

Mirielle Perrey, the beautiful French musical comedy star. She plays the title rôle in "Paulette," the new musical play produced at the Savoy Theatre last week

Janet Jevons

ORESTES TOASTS HELEN

Desirée Ellinger as Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, in "Helen!" By all the box-office signs and portents, this opera bouffe will keep the Adelphi Theatre filled for many moons

we must

become a separate party—and a strong one. But that would take time, able men though many of them are. All the trouble and delay and danger will be averted if heads are kept down and this "consolidation" tomfoolery is left untouched.

SOME protests in the *Daily Herald* over the execution of a man who had murdered another on no greater provocation than that he had insulted his girl have made me reflect that certain sentimentalists would be mightily disappointed if the death penalty were abolished, since it would deprive them of the opportunity of holding forth with muddle-headed eloquence every time it is carried out.

A HAPPY HOMECOMING

Above: Ivor Novello, the Admirable Crichton of the stage, who is composer-playwright-stage-and-screen actor and producer, seen on his return from Hollywood, where he has been filming. With him are Benita Hume, who has made a big name for herself on the films, and his mother, Madame Novello Davis

GOOD "POINTS" FROM THE BALLET

Alicia Markova, the première danseuse, very much sur les points. She is appearing with Anton Dolin and Ninette de Valois in the special Ballet Season at the Old Vic, which started last Friday

A WELCOME NOTE

Now that the Film Censor is casting stern eyes on risqué films, the above "close-up" of Jack Buchanan in the British and Dominion talkie, "Good Night, Vienna," should appeal to Mr. Shortt, for there is obviously one actor whose motto is "Keep it Clean!"

FOR THE MERE MALE

Paris tailors are now using wax effigies of celebrities to show their latest "creations," and seen below is Mlle. Jacqueline Zay's impression of M. Maurice Rostand. If this custom spreads to London, a walk down Savile Row should be as amusing as a visit to Madame Tussaud's!

One point made was that executions cause "mob hysteria." Well, mobs are apt to be hysterical about most things—it is a way mobs have—and I do not think they are any the worse for it. But their hysteria is mild in comparison with that of the humanitarian whose humanitarianism has taken the wrong turning.

"SOCIETY," we are told, "without seeking to remove the cause of other crimes like this, hanged the man by the neck until he was dead, and felt quite satisfied about its day's work." I do not know why it should be taken for granted that Society is "satisfied." "Society," for a variety

of reasons, believes in protecting itself and in punishing, in the traditional method, convicted murderers for whom no extenuating circumstances can be pleaded.

S

How can "Society" remove the cause of such a crime as this? How can it ever prevent two men squabbling about a woman?

For the man who had been murdered the *Daily Herald* has no word of sympathy—being, apparently, of the opinion that a man who "had said cruel things" of a girl deserves a violent death. As to the murderer, we find in this ineffable organ the following: "I have seldom admired a man more . . . his coolness. I am here out of deep respect for the man. I feel so sorry for him and admire him so much."

Faugh!

S

In spite of the efforts of the authorities to queer it by refusing an extension of licence granted in some mysterious fashion to all sorts of mysterious people, the "Buck's" cabaret and dance at the May Fair in aid of the East End Boys' Clubs was a real success. Among those whom some police inspector or other considered should not be allowed to consume any alcoholic refreshment after 10 p.m. were Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Sefton, Lord Inverclyde, Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Captain Arthur Pilkington, Captain Buckmaster and Mrs. Buckmaster (Nellie Taylor), Miss Mimi Crawford, Miss Norah Swinburne, and lots of Gilbeys. Gillie Potter kept us all thoroughly amused with his recital of the history of that eminent "county" family, the consumed—in tactful quantities—were:

1. Wiltinger Kupp 1929.
2. Berncasteler Doctor 1926, Lilac Seal.
3. Ruppertsberger Hofstück 1929.
4. Oestricher Doosberg Auslese 1921.
5. Rauenthaler Rothenberg Trockenbeeren Auslese 1915.
6. Forster Jesuitengarten feinste Beeren Auslese 1921.

By Hynes

"Gentlemen prefer blondes, anyway"

"Well, *you* ought to know You've been both!"

"JUST COPY ME!"

A somewhat portly maître de ballet, complete with cigar, shows two pupils the secrets of graceful dancing. The lesson is taking place in a Milan theatre

Marsh Mallows (of Hog's Norton), Tom Webster did some drawings, and Arthur Prince showed that, as a ventriloquist, he reigns supreme.

S

Whenever I hear the tenth commandment it is in the matter of certain German wines. I have never coveted my neighbour's house; I have not coveted my neighbour's wife (at any rate, not often); nor his servant, nor his maid. But I sometimes covet his hocks. Particularly do I covet the hocks of my friend Mr. Charles Hasslacher (who, by the way, is very, very British, despite his name). I was his guest at lunch the other day, and among the hocks and moselles we

GINA MALO

The attractive young American who scored a big hit as "Riquette" in "Viktoria and her Hussar." She has been doing a lot of film work of late and shares with Joan Maude the honours in the new talkie, "In a Monastery Garden"

MR. CHARLES HASSLACHER

A connoisseur of German wines who keeps a wonderful cellar of the finest vintages

AN affecting sight indeed was the procession to the Ministry of Labour of a collection of prominent actors and actresses who are not out of work, and are not likely to be, to protest against the steps that had been taken to prevent English players being displaced by foreign ones. I wish I could admire the disinterestedness with which these folk sang of the value of cosmopolitanism in the theatre! If there is one thing more offensive than the snobbery of a certain select corner of the London stage it is its hypocrisy.

JOAN MAUDE

A new photograph of the leading lady in "The Green Pack" at Wyndham's Theatre. In this, the last play Edgar Wallace wrote, she plays opposite Sir Gerald du Maurier

A DRESSING DOWN

Sir Walter Gilbey recently attacked riders in the Row who wore informal dress and no hats, and alluded particularly to a well-known actor, generally assumed to be Mr. Frank Lawton.

O NAUGHTY Mr. Lawton,
This will not do, you know!
You must spend much more thought on
Your dress when in the Row.
Or else Sir Walter Gilbey
Who loves de rigeur kit
Indubitably will be
Annoyed more than a bit,
So by your leave I'll offer you
A hint on what you ought to do.

Remembering "Young Woodley"
You might do worse than wear
Nice "Etons" plus a goodly
Lot of pomade on your hair.
A schoolboy's shiny topper
The crowning touch affords
For these togs are voted proper
E'en at places such as Lord's,
And then Sir Walter's heart would warm
To see such Fourth (and proper) Form!

B. W

Hock and moselle are being drunk a lot just now, though some of them are far from cheap. No. 5 on this list, for instance, would cost over 400 shillings per dozen, and the last, a dessert hock, over 600 shillings a dozen.

THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

The six finalists in the first competition held to elect Britain's most beautiful mannequin, seen at Ciro's, where the judging took place. The ultimate winner was selected by popular vote

"HELEN" IN THE SADDLE

Miss Evelyn Laye, the lovely leading lady of "Helen!" at the Adelphi Theatre, out for a morning's exercise in the Row. With her are Mr. Frank Lawton (left) and Mr. Lawrence Reid in clothes of the type frowned on by Sir Walter Gilbey

MORE "BUDS" of 1932

THE "BYSTANDER'S" THIRD LIST OF DEBUTANTES

Below: A portrait of Miss Moira O'Brien, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Aubrey O'Brien, C.I.E., and of Mrs. Aubrey O'Brien

Hay Wrightson

MISS MOIRA O'BRIEN

Left: The Hon Unity Mitford, fourth daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale, who lately gave a small dance in honour of her coming-out

Lenare

THE HON. UNITY MITFORD

Below: A Scottish debutante Miss Dorothea Lyle, only daughter of Col. Lyle. Her grandfathers are Sir Alexander Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthly, and Sir James de Hoghton of Hoghton Tower, Preston

Elliott and Fry

MISS DOROTHEA LYLE

Claude Harris

MISS ROSEMARY HARDING

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Harding. She is to be presented by her mother at one of this year's later Courts

My Weekly Thought

by Norman Thwaites

I AM all for Sir Walter Gilbey when he protests against slovenliness in dress, whether it be in Rotten Row or elsewhere. For if the apparel oft proclaims the man the foreigner within our gates and the gates of Hyde Park must think we have sadly deteriorated since Edwardian days, when the Englishman was the best dressed man in Europe.

The sloppy pullover and the dark-hued, soft-collared shirt worn by the youth of to-day proclaims laziness and suggests lack of personal cleanliness. But to see young men in the Row looking like a Newmarket apprentice and riding like a tailor is an offence most rank.

PERSONALLY, I should welcome a return to the days when it was an offence to be seen in Piccadilly or Bond Street in anything but an attire which included the top hat and frock coat. To-day people are not ashamed to parade the town in that hideous garment known as plus fours, which nobody with any pretence of being well-dressed would have worn before the War, except to hoe potatoes.

ONE hears that a good deal of ragging is being done at Oxford. The reason is sartorial. The victims, one gathers, unlike those who have been scolded by Sir Walter, are being ragged because they ventured upon the High wearing hats or other adornment offensive to undergraduate convention. One victim, whose rooms have suffered the attentions of the hay-makers, presumes the outrage to be due to his habit of wearing rubber shoes. The invaders, in his absence, drank his wine and defaced his books. Larceny and vandalism.

Another undergraduate, not living in college, suffered more severely, his offence being heinous. It appears that he affected a hat and gloves when taking his walks abroad. To express their disapproval of this deviation from the habits of his simian fellow-students, who prefer to go uncovered, these young "gentlemen" destroyed priceless first editions, slicing with knives the precious pages, and then proceeded to cut up valuable tapestries. One learns that some of the party were in wine. As far as one can discover, these bibulous bibliocides appear to have got away with it. One has heard of no disciplinary action by the University authorities.

NOW, in my submission, to rag a man may sometimes be justified. At school one remembers unpleasant youths who invited bullying. There are "precious" persons whose demeanour positively compels the swift posterial kick and whose superiority complex provokes the itching toe.

BUT to destroy a book is among the major misdemeanours. It is so monstrous a crime that murder becomes a mere social *faux pas* by comparison. I recall at the age of ten, being in a temper, I hurled a book across the room. A pedagogue, to whom I remain eternally grateful, intent upon my reform, chastised me crisply, cordially and with enthusiasm. It settled for me the question as to the value of corporal punishment as a corrective for all time. I have treated books with reverence ever since. I suffer positive pain whenever I see a volume maltreated.

That such hooliganism should prevail in our senior seat of learning is surprising. One is amazed at the tolerance displayed towards these book-butchers. One can only suppose that book-lovers are timid folk or they would have dipped the malefactors in the waters of Isis.

AT the same time I confess to some sympathy with those "hearties" who abominate a certain type all too prevalent in these days. One man's pullover is another man's poison. The instinct is wholesome that revolts against the man who despises games, whose literary tastes savour of the salacious and the pornographic, and who sees no merit in the vigour of Kipling, though approving his reference to "the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddied oaf in the goal." They are young men who are always ready to give to their elders the benefit of their inexperience.

MAX NORDAU described degeneracy as a *morbid* deviation from the normal. The public school and university man is apt to resent any deviation from the normal, oblivious of the fact that mere deviation may mean genius, while morbid deviation usually indicates degeneration.

But if sartorial sins be forgivable, book destruction is not. "Oh, Heaven; that such companions thou'dst unfold and put in every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world."

TWO COUNTRY WEDDINGS

Mr. Robert Dundas Sellon, King's Own Scottish Borderers, and his bride, Miss Joan Renny. They were married at All Saints' Church, Fleet, Hampshire

Leaving St. Peter's Church, Aylesford, Kent. Mr. Leonard William Snagge, son of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, and his bride, Miss Eleanor Randolph-Smith

MISS ANNE GILMOUR

The elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, M.P., and Lady Gilmour, whose engagement has been announced to Lieut John Reginald Bryans, R.N (retd.). Her father is the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

PUBS AND POLITICS

By Vernon Woodhouse

"Derby Day," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

COMIC operas are sometimes comic, less often operatic, and still less often do they possess anything but obvious surface qualities. In *Derby Day*, however, Mr. A. P. Herbert has done something more than provide a witty libretto and equally witty lyrics for our delectation. He has written a comic opera with a moral—some might say an immoral—purpose.

FOR at the back of all the fun and jollity one can detect A. P. H., the publicist—as distinct from Mr. A. P. Herbert, the dramatist—jestingly delivering a mighty thwack at the killjoys who to this day worship at the shrine of Dora, and it is, especially, the teetotal fanatic who gets it in the neck and other portions of the anatomy in *Derby Day*.

Sir Horace Waters (Frederic Austin), a member of the a minor key to sicken

SKETCHES OF "DERBY DAY," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, BY H H. HARRIS

Rose (Tessa Deane), the barmaid, and Eddie (Bruce Anderson), the undergraduate son of Sir Horace Waters, enjoy a spirited dance in the beer garden

THE busybodies in this place who . . .

> Still have strength to strike
> A blow at those who drink
> The liquids we dislike

are Sir Horace Waters, J.P., and Lady Waters, his wife. Lady Waters is a temperance fanatic, and rules her husband, who is chairman of a Licensing Bench, with a rod of iron. Sir Horace might enjoy a glass of beer, but he isn't allowed to have it! His wife, however, has no objection whatever to his breeding horses and running them in races. My memory is defective, but at the back of my mind I feel that somewhere in our England of to-day there are living counterparts to this couple.

SINCE the first night the prologue to *Derby Day* has been omitted, which I think is a pity.

> You want a MORAL? Well, then, Is the pub
> The root of evil?—or the Jockey Club?

are the concluding lines which strike the note making the author's ironic intention perfectly clear and enabling

DIRTY WORK AT THE STABLES

Force (John Thompson), make a note of the proceedings, when, in the far right, John Bitter (Scott Russell) and Bert (Leslie French) sing hoarsely in the Derby favourite, seen centre, to whom Rose (Tessa Deane) unsuccessfully proffers an antidote in the form of sugar

us to enjoy still more the good-natured fun which the author pokes at his pet aversion.

And how well Mr. A. P. Herbert has carried out his plan! There is not a dull moment from the time when the curtain rises on the garden of the Old Black Horse till, after having enjoyed a peep at the Derby, we are back again at the county ground where the love story between a tipster—who has a rival in Sir Horace Waters' son—and a barmaid, driven to crime by betting, and not by drink, reaches a happy ending. Truly does the author ask:—

> Is Beauty exiled to a foreign clime,
> And have the Dagoes cornered the sublime?
> Is there no colour in the English scene?
> Is France more fresh and Italy more green?
>
> We've colour and we've costume on the spot
> But so familiar that we see them not.

Derby Day, thanks to the author and George Sheringham, who designed the scenery and costumes, shows that there is still brightness and jollity in the land, and though there are some who have criticised Mr. Alfred Reynolds' score, I found it melodious and also modest, for the lyrics and libretto are always accompanied without being overwhelmed.

The cast enter into the spirit of this comic opera with gusto. Leslie French is alert and amusing as the young tipster. Scott Russell as Mr. Bitters is a publican of dignity. Mabel Constanduros, as a sort of Mrs. Gummidge, is genuinely amusing, while Bruce Anderson as Sir Horace Waters' son both sings and acts well. His parents are played by Frederic Austin and Mabel Sealby, and the latter gives to the part that touch of lemon so suitable to a teetotal fanatic. In the absence of Tessa Deane, the barmaid heroine was played by Guelda Waller, and well played, too.

"Important People," at the Vaudeville

This is a harmless, inoffensive play by Mr. Wyndham Mallock with an improbable story about an election in which husband and wife stand against each other for Parliament. The constituency is a small town near London, and one of the improbabilities is that the wife, who is a Prohibition candidate, is so strongly supported that at first it is announced that she has won the election by a tiny majority.

Another improbability is that the pair know nothing about a recount which places the husband at the head of the poll, while a third improbability is that another recount makes the contest a tie, and the returning officer does not give his casting vote, presumably having died of overwork!

The obvious plot, and equally obvious satirical lines about politicians, were somewhat atoned for by some admirable acting by Marie Löhr and Henry Edwards as wife and husband. By sheer cleverness they lifted this lowly effort into a higher plane.

V. W.

Mrs. Bones (Mabel Constanduros) who makes no bones about her partiality for beer and her dislike for orange-juice

CLEMENCE DANE writes on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"SHADOWS ON THE ROCK"

By WILLA CATHER

(Cassell: 7s. 6d.)

JUST outside Geneva occurs the junction of the Arve and the Rhône. You may watch the two rivers, the jade and the aquamarine, running side by side, joined, yet perfectly distinct. Just so runs the double stream of literature—the literature of reality and the literature of escape. The virtue of one literature is the reproach of the other. "You are too like life to be bearable!" says the romantic. "You are too remote from life to interest me!" retorts the realist.

THE Islands of the Blest are the special creation of the literature of escape. The Islands have many names—Eden, Atlantis, Lyonesse, Antillia, Avilion, Utopia, the Golden Age, Hy Brazil, the Fortunate Isles, Yesterday, are a few of them. And in all these Fortunate Islands real life is robbed of its drawbacks. Troubles and sorrows occur, but the ending is always a happy one. Robinson Crusoe comes home at last; the Brushwood Boy rides to safety; Wendy and Peter have a home in the tree-tops; the Good Companions are provided for. The literature of reality describes the bleak fields over which the rainbow arches; the literature of escape describes the field where the rainbow ends, the field in which is buried the Crock of Gold—happiness.

MISS CATHER'S new novel, *Shadows on the Rock*, belongs definitely to the literature of escape. It is, indeed, a pattern piece. Her Fortunate Isle is the Rock of Quebec in 1697—"the French stronghold, scattered spires and slated roofs flashing in the rich autumnal sunlight; the little capital which was just then the subject of so much discussion in Europe, and the goal of so many fantastic dreams . . . a mountain rock, cunningly built over with churches, convents, fortifications, gardens, following the natural irregularities of the headland on which they stood."

THE Rock belongs to history, but it becomes a legend in Miss Cather's story because of the quality of the people who dwell in it, or rather because of a certain quality in Miss Cather's writing. It is a quality difficult to analyse; but the picture of Christmas Eve might be a miniature of the whole story. Miss Cather describes in charming detail the setting up one Christmastide of a crêche "sent specially from France." The heroine, Cecile, unpacks the box with the help of the outcast Blinker and the small boy Jacques.

"THE Holy Family must be placed first, under a little booth of fir branches. The Infant was not in His Mother's arms, of course, but lay rosy and naked in a little straw-lined manger, in which he had crossed the ocean. The Blessed Virgin wore no halo, but a white scarf over her head. She looked like a country girl, very naïve, seated on a stool, with her knees well apart under her full skirt, and very large feet. Saint Joseph, a grave old man in brown, with a bald head and wrinkled brow, was placed opposite her, and the ox and the ass before the manger.

WILLA CATHER

Whose novel, "Shadows on the Rock," published by Cassell at 7s. 6d., is the Book Society's choice for the month. It is reviewed on this page by Miss Clemence Dane

"'Those are all that go inside the stable,' Cecile explained, 'except the two angels. We must put them behind the manger; they are still watching over Him.'"

WITH exactly the same tenderness does she describe the living people who, as she says, live in an actual "theatric scene of the Nativity."

The apothecary Auclair, just such a grave old man in brown as the St. Joseph, is the hero of the story. He has been brought out from seventeenth-century Paris in the service of the Governor. In the shadow of the great man's favour he lives, bringing up an enchanting daughter, dispensing medicines and kindness. He has created a little Paris on the Rock. The "colonists liked to drop in at his house upon the slightest pretext; the interior was like home to the French-born."

THE other ruling powers are the rival bishops—Bishop Laval, who has preserved the faith alive in the New World, and Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, whose vanity wrecks his predecessor's work; while the influence of the hole anchoress, Jeanne Le Ber, in far-away Montreal, is stronger than that of either of the prelates. These powers rule over some two thousand souls—old Madame Pommier, the friend of Cecile's mother, and her son, the shoemaker, the nuns in the convent, the wretched Blinker, the torturer's son, Toinette, the bad woman of the sailors' lodging-house, and her touching small boy Jacques, with his longing for decency and sweet living. All these, even Blinker and Toinette, are creatures of a gallant dream; the very dirt turns to gold in Miss Cather's hands.

THE events of the year for these nativity figures are Christmas, spring, and the arrival of the ships which carry greetings from the old France to the new. There is no plot and the reader does not ask for one. The charm of the book and its purpose lie in its portrayal of a civilisation so remote that distance and Miss Cather's magic pen have lent enchantment.

WE see this far-away Quebec through her eyes much as, they say, sailors off the Cornish coast see lost Lyonesse beneath the waters—streets and houses and church steeples—and hear, as they row home, the ringing of the sunken bells. We know well enough that this is not the real Quebec; that the real Quebec was no better and no worse than any other town of its own or any other century; that Miss Cather has escaped from reality to a town of dreams. But—blessed are such dreams!

C. D.

THOSE who are always trying to get a kick out of life frequently get it on the shins.

* * *

SOME plants, we are told, derive benefit from the use of artificial light. The electric light plant is one of them.

* * *

"WHAT'S the best month in which to get married?"

"Octembuary."

"But there's no such month."

"Quite so!"

* * *

MISERY'S love for company is never reciprocated.

SISTERS—AND TWIN SISTERS

Kay Vaughan

THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS AND THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD

The third and the eldest daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale. The former married Mr. Bryan Guinness, the son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness and a nephew of the Earl of Iveagh, in 1929

Yevonde

THE MISSES JEAN AND MARJORIE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT

The twin daughters of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott. They are nieces of the Duke of Buccleuch and first cousins of the Duke of Rutland

Emily Fitzroy as Angela and Aubrey Mather as the Vicar in one of the most entertaining scenes from "Aren't We All?" Adapted from the brilliant Frederick Lonsdale comedy of that name, and directed by Harry Lachman, it proves that British players can rise to great heights when provided with material which gives them a really good opportunity in the way of parts which are anything but of that puppet-like quality all too often seen on the screen

A NOCTURNAL LOVE IDYLL

PETTICOAT INFLUEN

Lord Grenham (Hugh Wakefield) is a peer who, to use a p employing, is not insensible to the blandishments of the fair sc who practise the lighter forms of the Thespian Art in par He is seen above with his flame of the momen

THIS "CAVE-MAN" BUSINESS

Willie (Owen Nares) is, unlike his father, Lord Grenham, a one-woman man at heart, but, under the mellowing influence of "the Widow," he so far forgets himself at a night-club as to kiss a young spinster, Kitty, an old but by no means extinguished flame of his father's. Unfortunately, his wife, Margot (Gertrude Lawrence), arrives unexpectedly, to catch him in the act, and, despite his frantic and strenuous efforts to detain her, leaves in a cold fury

All those who enjoyed Frederick Lonsdale's delightful comedy, "Aren't We All?" which was first produced at the Globe Theatre in 1923, will welcome the Paramount British Productions' Talkie version of this amusing study of the "Smart Set." The plot, which deals with a wife who, to avoid the too-pressing attentions of a fascinating foreigner, returns from France to London and catches her husband carrying on a night-club flirtation, contains as many twists as a maze. It is, however, the dialogue which plays the major part in making "Aren't We All?" first-class fare for those who prefer their humour seasoned with sophistication rather than "slap-stick"

Margot (Gertrude Lawre ham's country house, bot Woman—that they do n admirer of Lord Grenhe for, like

"AREN'T WE ALL?" AS A TALKIE

Satire and Smiles in a Clever Comedy

LUENCE AND THE PEERAGE

se a phrase which that youthful-minded nobleman would never dream of fair sex. In fact, so susceptible is he to pretty girls in general, and those in particular, that he is seldom, if ever, without an actress companion. moment, a cabaret dancer, admirably played by Rita Page

LOOKING DOWN ON MEN

Lawrence) and Lady Printon (Marie Löhr), whilst staying at Lord Gren- e, both realise that they have so little confidence in Man—as opposed to do not hesitate to indulge in a little eavesdropping. Lady Printon, an old Grenham, proves, before the film ends, that it pays to play a waiting game. like the North-West Mounted Police, she "gets her man"

"MY LORD, THOU DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH!"

Margot, having made up her mind that, as far as her husband, Willie, is concerned, it is a case of "like father, like son," refuses to listen to his frantic protestations of unswerving devotion and loyalty. The degree of his agitation may be judged from the fact that he has entirely forgotten to remove the somewhat symbolic dunce's cap before racing hot-foot in pursuit of his relentless wife

"Heart—y Congratulations . . ."

Lenare

BRENDA HALLSMITH

e marriage to Mr. Charles rick Crabbe, Bridge House, hurch, Kent, will take place She is the widow of the Mr. E. M. Hallsmith and the ter of the late Mr. H. G. wler and of Mrs. Dowler

Lenare

MISS CECILIA BALFOUR

Who is to marry Mr. Edward Mather-Jackson, only surviving son of Sir Henry and Lady Mather-Jackson. She is the daughter of the late Capt. C. Balfour, D.S.O., and of Mrs. R. Lowry-Corry, of Alassio

Lenare

MRS. ALYS LEMIERE

The only daughter of Lady Hamond-Graeme and stepdaughter of Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme. Her wedding to Mr. Cecil Torath Hughes, younger son of Sir Thomas and Lady Hughes, will take place this month

Douglas

MISS MONA PIRIE

Who is engaged to Mr. Henry Arthur Hohler, Grenadier Guards, the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. A. Hohler, D.S.O., and of Mrs. S. Barry. She is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. Pirie, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Pirie

Hay Wrightson

MISS SOPHIE DENYS-BURTON

Above, left: The youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Denys-Burton and of Grace, Lady Denys-Burton. Her marriage to Capt. Ian McClymont Tubbs, Coldstream Guards, will take place early next month

Hay Wrightson

MISS SUSAN AURIOL CHARRINGTON

Above, centre: The younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Charrington. Her engagement was recently announced to Mr. Percy Dearman Birchall, only surviving son of Major Sir John and Lady Birchall

Lenare

MISS SYLVIA FINLAY

Above: The younger daughter of Mrs. Ralph Eastwood and stepdaughter of Lieut.-Col. T. R. Eastwood, Rifle Brigade. She is engaged to Mr. Maurice Alberic Twisleton-Fiennes, the only son of the late Mr. Alberic Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and of Mrs. Twisleton-Wykeham Fiennes

Left: Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Rupert Lionel Preston, Coldstream Guards, the only son of Vice-Admiral L. G. and Mrs. Preston. She is the only child of the late Mr. F. B. Pitcairn and of Mrs. Pitcairn

MISS JEAN MARY PITCAIRN

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